**In the Dark**

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A match is easy to use—

small searchlight on a moonless night,

revealing holes in the fence or where

loose bricks have fallen from the wall.

I am tethered to this place—

each time I absolve myself of sin

and slink to the border, attempt to leave,

I am forced to return. So I cheat—

use the dark nights to move around

the perimeter, matchbooks in pockets.

I know all the weaknesses, every spot

I might use to escape. Piles of used matches

rest near each gap like tombstones.

For now, my body is ground in

a mortar called home, but someday

I will create a spell that will give me

the strength to slip away beyond

those trees surrounding this place

and exist outside margins, without barricades.